

THE GREATLY BOOTS THE ISLAND.

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Sioff continued to swing wild in every round. After each of his leads the Chicago man met a counter of Matthews's left with his nose. Sioff attempted an onslaught in the seventh, but Matthews was too clever to permit a stiff punch to land until the pair got to an inch on the ropes. Then Sioff's right hand landed on the head of the other man. At this point each slammed the other on the head with both hands.

Matthews's left was good in the eighth with swing and power, as Sioff's bloody face proved when the round was over.

In the ninth round Matthews put his right in the way of a left expressed by the law of the Chicago man and Sioff went staggering. Matthews stood for one round punch, which would have ended it all, when Referee Edwards ordered Sioff to his corner and gave the decision to Matthews.

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Smith was fast and did swing on the head, a right on the ear and a left on the stomach. Patterson's left landed low on the stomach, but not quite foul, and Smith's left found his mark in the ribs. Patterson's right swung for the head in the second, and a couple of clinches followed without harm being done. Both men were tame until the seventh, when there was a rapid interchange of lefts on the face.

Smith was ahead in the eighth round. He gained the advantage by a right on the left, which he swung cleverly three times on the Brooklyn man's head without a serious return.

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The fourteenth was terrific. Three times the thunders of each other on the ropes, Patterson hitting with his left very low, but the referee said it was low. Under one of these Smith went down in Patterson's corner. On arising Patterson went at him again. Smith regained himself and the two fought all over the ring in the swiftest style.

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Old Pratur Scholl Could Not Live His
Life Out Alone After His Help-
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Because his wife and two children died, old Pratur Scholl hanged himself to a bedpost in his room at No. 429 West Fortieth street, yesterday.

After the burial of his wife a year ago, Scholl became despondent. He told his landlady, Mrs. Scheibeler, that he had a rope ready in his room with which to kill himself. Lately he lost his place and almost starved. He didn't care. He was tired of the dead woman.

The old man on July 3, the anniversary of his wife's death, showed before her picture. The landlady heard him and made him go downstairs and eat something.

By the dead body of the old man they found the business card of the undertaker whom he had selected to bury him.

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"The boy said, 'Yes,' and, going inside, came back to see what I wanted. I told him I must see Mr. Surbridge personally. There was another young woman with me, and very soon a man came to us and said, 'She's not here,' and I saw Mr. Surbridge."

"Naturally, since you are here," I said, and put the papers in his hands, saying it was something for him. Of course, I didn't know the wrong man when I saw Mr. Surbridge."

Mr. Surbridge says that, since May 15 his office has been occupied by Mr. L. B. Nelson, and that Nelson was the man whom Miss Hastie served. Mr. Nelson corroborates Mr. Surbridge.

"He seemed to understand for a moment what I said to her," the habit of being cramped, with one's legs drawn up might catch in on into his box, turned the lever for full speed and shot out into the night. The automobile slammed around the corner and boiled for Fifth avenue. Once on the asphalt Donoune opened all brakes and let her go. His bell chimed as vigorously as his wheels went round, and brakes, cabs and cars skurried out of his way. Men at their heads out of cab windows and wandered.

At Twenty-eighth street Bicycle Policeman Dobson rode out and cried, "Stop that car. When you catch me I will," was Donoune's reply as he gave the lever the "slut twist." A race between bicycle and automobile was on. For six blocks the automobile led easily, then at Twenty-second street Dobson spurred and succeeded in reaching the automobile.

The West Thirtieth street station for violating the twelve miles an hour ordinance. When last heard from the man at the Square Hotel's telephone was still waiting.

**FEUD IN PARK RIDGE
OVER A BAD STREET.**
Old Dispute of Gommeters and "Pumpkin Dusters" Stirred Up by "Jack the Sign Writer."

The people of Park Ridge, N. J., are looking for a "Jack the Sign Writer," who is wanted for placing humorous and sarcastic inscriptions that the Summer borders read yesterday morning along Park avenue, east of the railroad station. Park avenue, at that place, has grown rough as a corduroy road. A feud, ancient and modern, of the road, between the gommeters and the "Pumpkin Dusters."

A "Pumpkin Duster" is one who lives, breathes and toots all his business in Park Ridge. They think they get the worst of the tax assessment, to say nothing of the bad roads.

All efforts at an entente cordiale between the gommeters and the "P